

SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Lord Jesus our Complete Armor.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Ephesians 6:13.

Paul was an experienced veteran in the camp of Christ; he had fought many battles under the Captain of his salvation, against his combined enemies, the world, the flesh, and Satan; he warned his fellow-soldiers of their foe and dangers, by exhorting them to take and put on nothing less than the 'whole armor of God.'

The very same armor in which he himself fought is provided for us also. Blessed be God, that as sure as Paul fought his way through, so shall we also in this armor of God. We know this is not an armor of flesh and blood, nor what is in our power to provide for ourselves; but the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of the whole earth, hath provided it for all Christ's good soldiers. What is the armor of God? It is the Son of his love, the Lord Jesus himself, he is our whole and complete armor; in Christ alone we stand our ground, fight and conquer every enemy; without Christ we can do nothing but faint and flee.

We will take this whole armor; put it on, saith Paul; Christ is Jesus; he is the gift of God to you; 'put on the Lord Jesus.' Rom, 13:14.

Just as one puts on armor for defense, so we can put on and arm our minds with the whole person of Christ, his love, righteousness, and atonement, all the offices, the whole salvation of Christ: this, and nothing but this. What Christ is to us and hath done for us, is proof against every enemy in the evil of battle.

That ye may be able to withstand. We are weak, but Christ is our strength, our standing is by his power against all the wiles of Satan.

Is Satan cunning and very powerful, full of force and fraud? Is he too much for us to resist and conquer? Then we will remember, Christ is our whole armor. Wisdom lies in the head; Christ is our head; he is to us made wisdom.

Courage comes from the heart. Christ dwells there by faith, Eph. 3:17. Thus armed we are proof against Satan's devices; we cannot fall while fighting in his armor, for we shall be strengthened by the spirit's might, by the inner man.

Satan must first wound Christ before he can reach us, first conquer him before he can conquer us. O then, we will look at our armor, and not at our weak, defenceless selves.

We will be strong: be of good courage; and all will come out victorious, 'more than con-

quers, through Christ, who loved us. Rom, 8:37. We are not only commanded to stand against every enemy, but to march on; to follow the Captain of our salvation.

Then we must expect the enemy will strive to retard our march; he will strew the road with difficulties, with briars and thorns; make it almost impassable, as though every step was upon sharp stones. Our feet must be shod, or we will halt when we should march on, turn back when we should go forward. Christ alone can do this with peace of the Gospel. What though the way be set with sharp stones? If this shoe go between the Christian foot and then they cannot be much felt. Christ is our peace. Eph. 2:14. This peace in our hearts becomes as it were shoes to our feet, to enable us to trample upon every difficulty and danger, and to run the way of God's Commands with love, and delight.

Soldiers of Christ, all hail!

Happy are we. Christ is our whole armor. Christ who is the truth, is the strength of our loins; his righteousness is our breast-plate of defense. He is the sum and substance of the gospel of peace, whereby our feet are shod to march on against the enemy; the author and object of faith; our shield to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one; our helmet of hope. Thus by the grace of the spirit we can put him on as our armor. Then what dangers may we not face?

What enemies have we to fear? But we must not forget our sword. Though but just entered the field, we must know the use of it and necessity for it; it is offensive to our enemy, defensive to ourselves.

What can we do without 'the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God?' By it He conquers the pride of our hearts, the self-righteous spirit, and the rebellion of our nature against Christ and his salvation. Let us take this sword; and hold fast to the faithful word. Having such an armor, the Lord forbid that we should be like the children of Ephraim, who turned back in the day of battle. Psalm 78:9. Lord, strengthen us, that we may never be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but may we bravely fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the enemy; and continue Christ's faithful soldiers; believing in him as our full and complete armor.

MARY BUCK.

Mt. Solon, Va., May 20, '89.

MARRIED.

LICHTY-BECKE.—On Thursday evening May 24th, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Carleton, Neb., Mr. W. W. Lichty and Miss Paulina Becke. The ceremony took place in the presence of a large company of friends, who enlivened the occasion with vocal and instrumental music. After the

guests had been served with kindly hospitality they marched the happy couple to an elegant and spacious building near by where they presented them with an array of valuable presents in token of the high esteem in which she was held. Mr. Lichty is one of Carleton's successful business men and his bride is a young lady eminently fitted to make him a devoted wife. Our congratulations to Bro. Lichty and wife.

E. L. YODER.

OUR DEAD.

GOOD.—Died April 19, daughter of Bro. and Sister Henry Good, of this congregation, aged 1 year, 1 day. Funeral services by the writer

E. H. SMITH.

ANDERSON.—Died April 18, infant son of Bro. and Sister Andrew Anderson. May the little flower blooming in the glory world be an incentive to duty to the bereaved. Funeral services by the writer

E. H. SMITH.

HENLINE.—Cornelius Henline was born in Pike Township, Stark Co., O., May 6, 1815. He was married Dec. 23, 1841, to Mary Flora. In 1843 brother and sister Henline came to this county and settled in the woods of Clear Creek Township, where they resided until they were called away by death. Cornelius Henline died May 24, 1889, aged 74 years and 18 days. There were born to Cornelius and Mary Henline, 10 children, 2 of whom preceded them to the spirit world, leaving 8 children, 4 sons and 4 daughters to mourn their loss. Services by

J. M. RITTIGERS.

SPRINKLE.—Charlie R. Sprinkle was born March 10, 1867, died May 23, 1889, aged 22 years, 2 months and 13 days. The deceased united with the Brethren church May 6, 1888, since which he has lived an exemplary life before all, thus showing by his works that he had been with Christ and learned of Him. He leaves father, mother and two sisters to mourn their loss. Services by J. M. Rittigers. The Evening Herald, of Huntington, Ind., said: May 25. The funeral of the late Charles Sprinkle held yesterday at the Clear Creek church, was perhaps the largest ever held in the township and was a glowing testimony of the high esteem with which the young man was regarded in the community. A large number, too many to mention, were present from this city, together with people from Warsaw. Four ministers occupied places on the pulpit and participated in the service. Rev. J. M. Rittigers' sermon was a touching tribute to the memory of one who had lived a righteous life, and the audience was deeply moved. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

OBER.—Sarah E. Edmonds was born in Taylor Township, Oyle Co., Ill., Nov. 11, 1848. She was married to John C. Ober, of Chana, Ill., March 25, 1877, died May 11, 1889, aged 40 years, 6 months.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. SARAH E. OBER. How changed the scene from earth to heaven.

By angel bands from sickness riven; To Paradise so sweetly borne, From which thou never shall return. Thine was a scene of suffering here; Afflictions great were thine to bear; But what a full and sweet release, To dwell with God and be at ease.

Thy Father's God you called your friend,

Thy mother's faith unto the end Was thine, with full delights to prove The sweets of Christ's redeeming love.

Farewell, fond wife, thy pains are o'er, And sorrow thou shalt know no more, But dwell in glorious rest at home, The fields of Paradise to roam.

I'll miss thee, mother; can it be That thou from grief and pain art free, With loved ones and with Jesus blest, Enjoying an eternal rest?

Sister, farewell, your toils are o'er, And here on earth we'll meet no more; But in that happy home on high, We hope to meet thee by and by.

Rest; rest at home. Ah blessed thought To be so near and like the God. We'll try and greet thee in that rest, Where saints in God are ever blest.

Farewell, again we say farewell, With tuneful notes your trumpet swell, Tuning your harp with loudest praise, As you on your Redeemer gaze.

COBAUGH.—May 11th, Sister Barbara Cobaugh departed this life, aged 65 years, 1 month and 1 day. The circumstances connected with her death it might be well to relate. On the above date (Sabbath) Sister Cobaugh accompanied by her husband, attended

10:30 A. M., service at Pike Meeting House after which the writer accompanied them home for dinner at 1:30 P. M. I left them in good health and spirits to fill my afternoon appointment. Shortly after my departure, sister Cobaugh took a pail to gather in the eggs from the barn, and so far as known fell through the mow dislocating her neck, dying almost instantly. The shock on this community can be imagined better than described. Sister Cobaugh has been a consistent member of the Brethren church near 45 years. One among the few who was instrumental in bringing about the organization of the Brethren church in this part of God's vineyard, and as of old has said, she shall be missed, for her seat shall be empty. As an earnest worker in all the labor of the church none excelled, and her home, we might say, was the ministers' home, as well as all who chanced to come and many of our ministers can testify to this. She leaves a husband, who is one of our good deacons, and children and hundreds of friends to mourn her departure. May the God of all peace comfort them all and especially our aged brother. Only a few more years, my good brother, of faithfulness to God and you shall meet where God shall wipe all tears from your eyes and say to you, come up higher. A large concourse of friends and relatives attended the funeral. It was said by many, over 400 were present. The meeting house could not contain all, among whom were nine ministers. Funeral discourse by the writer assisted by brother Byers and others.

E. H. SMITH.

The best thing in the world is to be a Christian.

It is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to keep you in mind.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

We should be careful how we create enemies, it being one of the hardest things in the Christian religion to behave ourselves as we ought toward them.

What God calls one to do he will carry him through. I would undertake to govern half a dozen worlds if God called me to do it; but if he did not call me to do it, I would not undertake to govern half a dozen sheep.—Payson.

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The Brethren Annual.

Every family of the Brethren church should secure a copy of the Annual. It is a first rate Calendar and contains such church news as every one desires to know. It is worth ten cents to any one concerned in the work. It contains a small, but accurate portrait of Elder S. C. Stump, a pioneer progressive, that many will want to see. Price ten cents each, by mail, or \$1.00 per dozen BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE.

Resorts.

Puck says: "The white man who drives a coal cart has to resort to soap and water, just as does a negro who has spent the day in whitewashing."

But the most strange things of all are usually resorted to when a man gets sick.

Of course he doesn't want a doctor—at least not at first. He usually goes to the so-called saloon and gets a drink, which makes him feel rather dazed, so he takes another, and comes home temporarily elated, supposing himself cured.

When he wakes next morning, with a headache twice as bad as ever, and feeling feverish and cross, he concludes he will have to try something else.

He takes a dose of whatever he happens to have in the house—some liver renovator, kidney evaporator, or heart enlarger—and sets forth saying if he isn't better tomorrow he will send for the doctor.

Next morning he is sick in bed; the doctor is called, shakes his head, prescribes two or three kinds of medicine, according to his medical creed, but always insists upon perfect quiet, and that the patient must not go to his office for two weeks, or the result will be serious.

He does, in truth, lie in bed for a week or ten days, his recovery retarded by a multitude of remedies, and the knowledge that his business is going to ruin in his absence. When he does drag out at last, he finds that the family must deny themselves everything but the common necessities of life for some time to come, in order that the doctor's bill may be paid, and repairs made in the business.

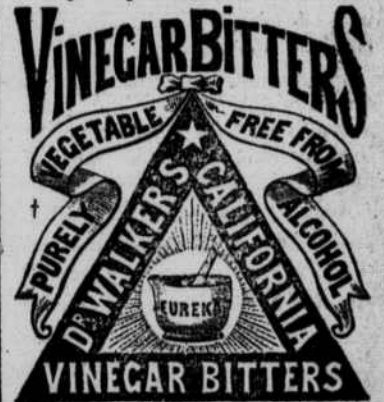
Now, the proper thing for this man to have done was to have bought a bottle of New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, the moment he felt the first headache, and to have taken two tablespoonfuls at once. Two or three half-doses, two days apart, after the first dose had taken effect, would have cured him and prevented his illness, and his consequent financial loss.

The man did not know this, or, as Beecher would have said, his foresight was not so good as his hindsight. Another time this man will know just what to do to save pain, time and money.

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JOHN DUKE McFADEN, Pastor.

Residence, 2437 N. 8th St.

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